

BLUE GRASS BLADE

A. T. Parker
Editor and Publisher
Boppe
High and Ashland East Side

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

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THE REIGN OF KING HUMBUG

When People Submit To Being Duped They Ob- struct Progress

Law Should Be Based on Human Rights and Not Upon Alleged Divine Rights--- Remedy Lies With the People For All Wrongs They Experience.

ADDRESS DELIVERED IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CINCINNATI

BY DR. J. B. WILSON

A disappointed painter once said: "Well, as I can't sell any good pictures, I'm going to paint daubs, and see how they go."

He carried out his purpose, let his hair and beard grow, talked, acted eccentrically, and was soon a success. All the public wanted to be fooled and amused; then it will give you its patronage, join your church, or follow you off.

One night, last spring, down on my corner, a man was stationed with a telescope. He charged ten cents for a view of Mars, including a short lecture, and a small pamphlet. Excepting myself, he did not get a patron. Presently, an Italian came along with an organ and monkey. He soon attracted a crowd which freely contributed pennies and larger sums. I made a contract with the astronomer for ten minutes' use of his telescope, and when the organ-grinder and monkey moved on, I addressed the crowd thus:

"Wonderful views of Mars, the only inhabited planet besides the earth. Take a view of the great planet with whose inhabitants we may soon be talking. Price for looking only one cent, reduced from ten cents. Pamphlet describing Mars given free. Walk up! Walk up!"

This I repeated over and over again. To be brief, there was not a person in the crowd would give a penny to see Mars, and they were intelligent, appearing people too. What is to be done with a man to get him to think who will give five cents to see a trick monkey, an animal he has seen a thousand times, and who won't give a penny to see the planet Mars, which he has never seen?

I give this illustration to show the up hill work of the reformer and educator, and how very hard it is to induce people of all classes, to think and reason along progressive lines.

The public, apparently like to be fooled. They enjoy being fooled, and simply revel in being humbugged. Right here is the great stumbling block to all reform. Mankind is so gullible in so many small ways, and in so many large ways that his thoughts, interests and energies are diverted from the channels of progress. With light amusement and a full stomach the average man is satisfied.

There is a reason for this, and why is it so? The natural bent of the mind of man is toward reason and progression. Why, then, is it so hard to get him to think and reason, even when he has a good education for a foundation?

I will tell you why. His young impressionable brain is humbugged right at the start. It is inoculated with faith and prayer, and filled with signs, wonders, prejudices and fears. All the fantastical fallacies, and mud-headed mysticisms of the church are engraven on the clean white page of the child's mind, there to remain forever, and obstruct its reasoning powers. It grows up in the habit of trusting in prayer and doubting its senses. The love of nature, truth and

reason is misguided by the rhapsodies of religion, and nothing is harder than to take a long established belief from the mind and insert an entirely different one. Nine-tenths of all the humbuggery in the world begins with the preacher and the priest, whose business it is to erect great corporations, organized for the purpose of misdirecting, deceiving and cheating mankind, in order that they, themselves, may be maintained in positions of honor, ease, worship, fashion, style and power.

This is a sad subject. There are so many expressions of humbuggery in the world, that I will not give time to notice the smaller and common ones. I may as well begin by taking note of--

The Humbug of the Law.
Lawyers make most of the laws. Their business is supposed to consist of defending the laws they make. Instead, their success depends upon beating the laws that they make. Law is the most uncertain of all things. There is absolutely nothing certain about it except the expense.

Lawyers rarely go to law, on the same principle I guess, that doctors rarely take their own medicine, and that preachers rarely practice what they preach.

Some great lawyer, it was, who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying, that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.

It would be unfair both to the law and lawyers to condemn them altogether for the humbuggery that is in them. As long as people want to be humbugged, there will be lawyers, and some others, as well, to do it. The fault is right in the start. Credulity is a human attribute. The preacher and priest take advantage of the ignorance and credulity of the child, and set him swimming in the stream of life--a sucker to become the prey of every hook.

Law is a human necessity. There can be no government without it. Many lawyers are the noblest of men and truest of patriots. The glory of this country, is best reflected, I believe, in the brilliancy of its great legal minds.

But all this, notwithstanding, the law is full of humbuggery, and the profession full of humbugs. It is a subject so great, that it should be a lecture within itself.

In the first place the laws of all civilized governments are based not upon human, but upon divine rights; not upon common justice, but upon superstition; not upon choice of the governed, but upon the choice of king, priest and monopolist.

"We, by the Grace of God," starts off each proclamation from the throne. "In the name of God, Amen!" starts off our wills. A witness takes the oath, not upon his honor, but with, "So help me God."

The Supreme Court of the United States has declared this to be a Christian nation, notwithstanding the presence of millions of Jews. Free-thinkers and Secularists, and notwithstanding less than one-third of the population are enrolled church

members. Thus you see the government and law, as well as medicine, art and the drama, are veneered all over with the mysticism of clerical humbuggery.

Creedmakers and lawmakers always understand each other's winks. To-day, the rich make the laws and they are only made to be broken. There is little or no law for a moneyless man. So outrageously corrupt and defunct are courts of justice, that communities, made desperate by their remission, take the law in their own hands. For a long number of years it has been safer in this city to tell a lie than to tell the truth. An honest statement about courts and politicians was more apt to get a man into trouble than if he lied outright.

The great wonder is, not that there is an occasional court house riot, and lynching, and anarchistic outbreaks and Drake committees, but that there is not more of them.

We are taught that we should have a "sacred regard" for law and order. This is the great hue and cry of humbug politicians, humbug preachers and humbug editors. Order is always law, but law is not always order. There may be no greater tyrant than the law. There may be no family more anarchistic than the law. Mankind has advanced just as it has been able to repeat two-thirds of all the laws that have ever been made.

Courts of justice, or rather injustice, all over the land, are simply rotten. They have even the lawyers coded. Honest attorneys, if they be poor, fear to say anything, knowing that if they should have a case come before a certain court, the decisions would go against him.

More and more the powers of government are encroaching upon the sovereignty of the people. Aristocracy is insidiously using the law to fortify its position. But armories are being erected in every city. The standing army is being increased. In a few months every male citizen between the ages of 21 and 45 will be a soldier of the U. S. Army. He will be a soldier not without any say of his own, but without knowing that he is a soldier, or that such a law exists in this land of liberty, and the home of the gullible.

A book the size of the Bible is large enough to contain all the laws necessary for the government of men all over the world; but each state of this union, alone, has enough laws to fill a freight car.

Owing to the selfishness, greed and cruelty in human nature, we must have law and government; but we should have as little as possible. The chief humbuggery in law is that mankind is being burdened with as much law as possible.

Who one steps to think of all the complexity, bias, trickery, juggling, injustice and humbuggery of the law, he is compelled to cry out with Burns:

A fight for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

The Humbug of the Press.
The Press should be the conservative literature of the nation. To them it should not only be news, but science literature, history church and college, for in all these the people are as much interested as in news.

In a way, it does assume to represent all these; but unfortunately its cast of thought is sickled over with the same pale coat of mythical moonshine, with which the law is veneered.

Unfortunately, the press is not free. All the great papers of both parties with a few grand exceptions are the slaves of capitalism and co. "co" I mean clericalism, without which capitalism could not long survive. The church is one of the greatest of class privileged institutions, but you seldom find the press either opposing or exposing it.

The press, generally speaking, has become a cold-blooded, money-making institution. Today its managing editors, editors, editorial writers and correspondents are mere mouth pieces of their masters--the voracious slaves; crawling lickspittlers of capitalism, clericalism and bossism.

Nine out of ten of these employed editors are broad minded, liberal men. They know human nature; they know the law and out; they know what is going on; they know the humbuggery, better than any one else, existing in all the departments of government and society. But they, too, are victims of capitalism. Their nobler natures are stifled by the pressure of economic conditions.

If the progressive young men, who now furnish the brains for our great newspapers, were free to use them as their conscience dictates, there would be a big leap forward in municipal and all other reform.

But the toadying to money, office, fashion and power, rather than to honesty, achievement, merit and brains, and its disposition to advertise crime and scatter scandal and spread moral muddle, places the press in the first row of the ranks of humbuggery.

Recently the whole country was startled with the gush of the press in celebrating the marriage of the President's daughter, "Princess Alice." No queen in all the world was ever given such public flattery. The literary genius of the whole world, for the last five years has not received equal mention. European snobbery was out snubbed.

Miss Roosevelt was a good girl, no doubt, and it is not her fault that the press made a monkey of itself.

Humbuggery consisted in giving at least \$100,000,000 advertising space to this ordinary girl, who has achieved nothing, and never said one word that would distinguish her; while other girls of her age, with the disadvantage of poverty and family obscurity, have won reputations on the stage, with pen and brush, and have gone almost unnoticed. When Mr. Roosevelt no longer has any public patronage at his disposal, he will take his place with the millions of other girls and daughters among the obscurities.

The most important matters to be found in the press today are reports of murders, rapes, scandals, sermons, hangings and fashionable weddings, which will advertise any lie, wire or gold brick scheme, meant to fleece the ignorant and credulous, thereby becoming a party to the swindle.

A great many newspapers would rather advertise character than to defend it. If a young man should happen to commit some disgraceful act, they immediately peer into his family, and the name of his sister, who may be a school teacher, or public personage, and advertise her name, the honorable father and mother, heart broken over the act, must be dragged before the public gaze; and seemingly, there is no recourse to this heartless invasion of the home and cruel stigmatization of the innocent.

There are papers to be seen on every hand which boast of being "clean sheets," which week deep in the recital of scandal and crime, and advertise their own names, as the swindlers they advertise.

Next in importance to the commercial press, in influence, is the religious press; every big and little church society has its paper. They are meant to hold the grown-up child true to the faith, and keep it in the mould of mysticism in which its infant brain was shaped. They, too, contain quick advertisements of swindling schemes. All one has to do to note the humbuggery in them, is to observe the web of superstition and of ancient falsehood woven through some nice moral tale and news of the day. When it comes to dealing with truth and demonstrated fact, they are far more unreliable than the commercial press.

Humbug of the Drama.
A passion for the dramatic art is inherent in the nature of man. Because people naturally prefer it, the church has always condemned it. The Bible is the book of the priest; the drama is the book of the people; and show me if you can, wherein the priest ever approved anything that is natural to humanity. The actor, like the physician poet, astronomer and inventor was persecuted for centuries.

Humbuggery of the drama, was universally regarded as the work of the devil. It has not been so many years since it was equal to the level of character for a young day to attend the theatre. But the church has never been able to control the drama, like it has the other professions; therefore, there is less humbuggery about it. At least, there is less cant and hypocrisy: Whatever means

there is in it, is public, and right out in the open.

The theater is not always what it should be, but one thing you may observe--you will see more tears shed there than you will ever see in a church. People will pay two dollars to hear a good play, who will not listen to a sermon free of charge. Why? Because at the theater, they better being in newly aroused, with smiles and laughter and pity and tears. They approve the good and scorn the bad, and the noble nature in them is wisely awakened.

Today the drama is taking the lead as an educator and as a moral influence. The church, which has always condemned it, at last is compelled to imitate it. It is in the memory of many present, when an organ was considered an instrument of the devil, and not allowed in the church. But finally they accepted the devil's music. After the organ came the horn, then the fiddle, then the orchestra, and then the opera; and in a recent paper, I observed that a New York preacher had adopted vaudeville, declaring that if he couldn't get people to come to church one way he would in another.

Why is the church drifting toward vaudeville? Because the clergy perceive at last that it is natural, and that natural people shrink from the artificial piety, trained solemnity, sanctified stupidity and intellectual prostitution, that poems the atmosphere of the church.

The drama has not only its immoral elements, but some of the cheapest kind of humbuggery. There are people who run to it to imbibe the moral and sensational, like some others run to a distracted meeting to hear preachers like Sam Jones blackguard.

Perhaps the best evidence of the humbug in the dramatic art is revealed in the class of actors who achieve fame, and over whom people rave.

Here is a foolish young society woman. She is the wife of a Chicago or a Western banker, with

about, and at whatever expense, and she finds a way of doing it, in playing and acting.

She evinces no particular talents, and cannot read her lines intelligently. But she hires paragraph writers to puff her, goes abroad and forces an introduction to the Prince of Wales, and succeeds in getting herself talked about--still keeps her hirelings at it--puff, puff, puff, over her foolish act, she commits, and every foolish word she utters. Finally she closes an engagement with a manager, goes off to study and play a little, and the next year she flaunts her skirts in the public's face in a grand apotheosis of humbug.

And she makes money. People who love to be gullied will go to see her because she is a society woman, and has passed through one or more scandalous and immoral lives, and will be without an engagement.

Here is a commonplace burlesque actress, who makes a conquest of a leoprous young lord. He promises to marry her and jills her in the end. She sues him for a trial, mixes with much scandal, receives heavy damages. She is immediately a star actress. She employs a lecherous and blackguard nobleman for a manager, and behold them crossing the Atlantic, to make a fortune in dear America, where all the snobs and fools are hungry for humbug. Thus come the Langtry's, the Camerons and Brown-Potters by the scores. All the details of their scandals are industriously exploited on their arrival, and they draw crowds like empty molasses barrels down fires. If there wasn't a market for such, and if the drama was not a fertile soil for this sprouting of humbuggery, they wouldn't exist. Three-fourths of the fame of all mushroom actors and evangelists is due to the humbuggery and tricks of the advertiser. My object is not to expose these, but to show how very easily the people at large may be humbugged.

Humbug in Literature.
By the same trick of the advertiser, millions of people are humbugged into reading inferior literature. A few years ago a humbuggy Englishman came to this country, wearing a big sunflower on his bosom and mysteriously babbling of the beautiful and true. His poetry was rubbish, and his prose was mush; but he wore his hair long and dressed in baggy breeches, and that caught the gullible. Millions of people believed in him, and he carried home to London a small fortune, to attest the success of an Oscar Wilde, among the humbug-

worshipping barbarians of the West.

A big publishing house whose business it is to puff the books it prints; launches a new and worthless piece of fiction on the market. Very soon all the gullibles hear of it, and rush right off to buy the latest book. They have heard of Emerson's Essays all their lives, but never could be induced to read them.

Humbug in Art.

Art is just beginning to escape from the depressing gloom of ecclesiasticism. For many centuries the church monopolized the genius of the great masters. That they were masters in color technique and design is not to be disputed. But all the value they have today is the aid they may be to the student. It is a pity that so much genius was expended on the glorification of royal and religious brutes. All the use or good in most of it, from the subject viewpoint, was to keep alive kingcraft and priestcraft.

The Catholic Church, sleek in the knowledge of the advertiser's art, has the whole world worked up to the belief that its sacred daubs are priceless treasures. And the world believes it; and American suckers, like Pierpont Morgan, who know as much about art as they know about Herbert Spencer and the social problems are getting fleeced right along; and this is how it is done.

Here comes across the Atlantic a painter with a painting as big as the side of a barn, entitled "Christ Before Pilate." This half of the picture is by a shrewd picture dealer, who is skilled in the trick of advertising, and who knows how to gull the public. He sells all the papers talking about the great picture and the fame of the great painter.

Munksey is brought up the bay, like Prince Henry, in a special steamer, with a champagne lunch in the saloon. His press agents boom him. He holds first a reception to ministers of the gospel, and then a reception on a Biblical subject, you know; then a reception to the press, and then to the public.

Each, and the great public, and the way they make several hundred thousand. Not one in a thousand appreciate the picture, or are capable of criticizing it. Art has nothing to do with it except the art of the advertising agent. Finally, some millionaire, who makes his money brewing beer or selling hogs, buys it at a fabulous price, and that is the last you hear of it.

This is the humbuggery, by which more than half of the great so-called masterpieces are put on the market. For a woman artist to gain recognition in Europe, whether she be painter, singer or actress, she is compelled to prostitute herself to some old role like the King of Heland.

When I was in Europe, I saw the originals of all the great masters of the past. I estimate that I walked past fifty miles of consumptive looking Jesuses, and robust virgins, nearly all of them the faces of the artist who painted them, and myriads of angels grating in the air, and big bushy-whiskered Jehovahs, sitting in their shirt tails on a damp cloud; and arch-angels of doom driving men and women to hell, and mean looking old popes; and villainous priests; and swinish monks; and lovely crucifixions, and beautiful flagellation all of which we are told is priceless art. The facts are that if the same artists lived here today, in America, and painted the same subjects, equally well or better, they couldn't find a patron among all the pork-parkers, beer-brewers, stock-exchange gamblers and pulp pounders in Uncle Sam's dominions. But being as these paintings are old, and the tint of superstition is worked in them, and they were painted in Europe, the suckers bite right along.

An American well can't paint anything in this climate, you know. He must go to Europe, paint it over there, and bring it here, then maybe, it will attract some notice.

A common trick is that of the auctioneer. He advertises for sale the paintings of a well known French artist--so well known that no body knows anything about him. The artist himself is on hand--a dark complected, dapper fellow, with a love of a mustache and a foreign accent, and who talks just lovely to the dear women. His pictures are all set in rich, gaudy frames. They are worth about five dollars each, and sell from one to five hundred. The suckers snap them up. On the walls of the rich, all over this country, are

(Continued on page Four)

THE BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS of whatsoever character, accepted will be published at the rate of \$1.00 per inch per month, unless by special contract, when other and better rates will be quoted upon application. The publishers have the right to reject any and all advertisements offered.

GENERAL BUSINESS RULES.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will be discontinued at the expiration of the term for which the subscription has been paid up in advance. The address slip on the paper will show subscribers the date of expiration of subscription. Back numbers, or numbers omitted will be sent, if asked for, upon renewal in case of discontinuance.

MAKE ALL money orders, drafts, checks, etc., payable to JAMES E. HUGHES, Lexington, Ky., as this will facilitate collection.

SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his or her address, advise this office, giving both old and new, and the Blade will be sent to the new address, as desired.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. Box 293, Lexington, Ky.

Be happy.

.....
Fretting doesn't pay.

.....
Cultivate cheerfulness.

.....
All things are conquerable by man.

.....
There is nothing that is impossible.

.....
Improvement is the eternal order of the universe.

.....
'Twas only an apple, but it busted our earthly paradise.

.....
Although the Blade is still forging onward the work is slow.

.....
If the many would but help the one the one could then help the many.

.....
Be true and character.

.....
When you think failure confronts you just change your viewpoint and success is bound to follow.

.....
The curtain has been too tightly drawn over the future that no peephole can be found at any price.

.....
Some people are born fools while others acquire it in college, and others have gold bricks thrust upon them.

.....
We can best enjoy today because we cannot see into the morrow and find out for a certainty where the man with the scythe is hidden.

.....
Did you ever stop to think that the world's great history would have been written in an altogether different vein had Adam married into a different family?

.....
Raising wages will never settle the labor question. Bath rooms, button hole bouquets, reading rooms and rag time don't touch the right spot. Humanity demands something more.

.....
Avarice is one of the most dangerous of human qualities because it is so subtle in its development. It grows as wealth and power increase until it finally dominates its victims completely.

.....
Father bolts the stable door at night to keep his horse from harm, but allows his minor son to prowl where he pleases and for the same reason mother ties up a ten cent poodle dog but permits her daughter to flutter at random. Why is it?

.....
The Rome Book for Christmas and New Year presents.

.....
Dog Fennel in the Orient would make a suitable gift.

.....
Your friends would appreciate a year's subscription to the Blade.

.....
It is only the truly orthodox believer who strives to build a heaven for himself and a hell for other people. Time works many changes, however, and it does sometimes happen that the plans of men miscarry. Who knows but what the christian may fall into the very pit which he hath dug for his neighbor and the latter be exalted! Only when men have made personal enemies are they anxious to delegate the pleasant duty of inflicting punishment upon a so-called superior power. Such is the benevolence of orthodox religion.

.....
The Rome Book for Christmas and New Year presents.

.....
Dog Fennel in the Orient would make a suitable gift.

.....
Your friends would appreciate a year's subscription to the Blade.

That the latest spiritualistic communication from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll must stand condemned as a man fantasy, a screaming farce, may be seen from this fact that it makes the dead Freethinker declare that in the "spirit world" he has seen the work of an "almighty hand." This is but another name for Jehovah and we know that he is not.

.....
fanatic and the branding iron from the loving grasp of the benevolent bigot, while Superstition, that once did rule the world with autocratic sway, can only shriek her importunate curses forth and flourish her foolish boycott at the giant, Reason's growing, expanding flame. The night of intellectual slavery has not completely vanished, however, but on the higher hills already flame the harbingers of a more glorious morn.

.....
The Christian religion is either true or it is false. If it is true it will stand the severest test. If it is true it is indestructible as the law of gravitation. Then why do it ordained defenders take refuge behind long forgotten laws born of brutish ignorance and strife, with policemen's club, to close the mouth of honest criticism? "Thrice armed is the man who hath his quarrel just," but the leaders of the armies of the Lord still skulk in the coward's castle and refuse to fight in the open even on compulsion.

.....
Were we God almighty we would rather enjoy being lied about by malicious lollipops, but did we sit secure in some celestial citadel, holding heaven, thunderbolts in our hands, it would not be safe to assert that we had been guilty of those unparalleled atrocities recorded in the Bible as having been committed by the emancipated Israelites in Palestine. None of that in ours.

.....
The freedom some would give is a glorious thing and entitles them to the eternal gratitude of the race. As with a gift horse we are supposed not to question it, no matter how much it hurts. It is a case of taking the good the gods provide and then get to holding your peace. Look what happened to Jesus for questioning the supernal wisdom of the money changers of Jerusalem.

.....
The Rome Book for Christmas and New Year presents.

.....
Dog Fennel in the Orient would make a suitable gift.

.....
Your friends would appreciate a year's subscription to the Blade.

.....
One of the saddest sights on earth
Is a person with nothing to do;
He has no joy and he has no mirth—
Don't let that person be you.

.....
Fools, will you not help the Blade in the fulfillment of its mission to break the foolish idols of religion? The foolish beliefs that men have have the undertaking is not a popular move and the work of improvement has invariably fallen upon a few. It is our great aim to hurl the unclean gods of orthodoxy from their pedestals in the public pathos to enable men to dig for wisdom on their own behalf, to light the pathway of the world's high destiny with the flame from the torch of reason; to play ohm the Baptist to a greater to come after. Every triumph wrought in science has been the work of men who were dissatisfied with the world's condition, who had set deliberately to work to better them. This is our mission, our hope and our work. Will you not help us? You can do it by increasing our circulation.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

.....
Good reading always cultivates the mind and such cultivation is always conducive to intellectual strength. Persons should be as careful in selecting the books they read as they are in selecting their personal companions. Good books make excellent companions. They never tire of your company and they have useful information to bestow.

.....
Now, readers, the holiday season is at hand, and while we, as Freethinkers, care nothing for the religious barnacles that have grown around and about the decadence of the old year and the birth of the new, yet we have more or less conformed to the custom of making and giving presents to our friends at this season of the year. If you are thinking of what to send or give away as a token of the season we beg to call your attention to the several books we have on hand which could be used to a splendid advantage for such a purpose.

.....
First, there is the Rome Book, by Dr. J. B. Wilson, descriptive of his trip to the Rome Congress of Freethinkers and the doings of that distinguished body. For a book of travel and personal experience abroad, to say nothing of its real historical value pertaining to religion and its growth on the European continent, is without a peer. This book will be sent to any address for \$1.15.

.....
Besides the Rome Book we have several copies of the book written by our late editor, C. C. Moore, namely, "Dog Fennel in the Orient," being an account of his experiences abroad while on a voyage to the Holy Lands and tells what he saw and experienced en route. This book is interesting and instructive and can be had, sent to any address, for \$1.15.

.....
If you would like to have one of these books sent to a friend as a seasonal present, send in your orders now and we will mail them out in ample time for a seasonal delivery.

.....
While all this talk is going on about expanding the currency too many of us are apt to complain of a contraction. Compared with prices years ago it is amazing how little a dollar will buy. Compared with wages years ago the laborer is not getting much more while everything is ascending to a point far beyond his reach. The next thing he will need is an economic Jacob's ladder.

WHY WE MUST REFORM MEN.

.....
Our admired editor of the Blade surprises us by saying "We must preach reform and teach reform until nightmare plows corn and United States Senators earn their salaries, but we must have a reform of men before we can have any other reform." True a stream cannot be purer than the fountains from it flows, or it is possible for the common chap to get an even exchange of happiness for their misery so long as ignorance enough exists to tolerate the perpetuation of the cancerous parasites of orthodox mythology, national unity and class distinction will inevitably govern conditions.

.....
Political reform cannot exist handiapped and checkmated by ignorant credulity perpetually paralyzing the intellect with mental intoxication of faith zeal, liquor intoxicants and zealous faith produces like results, only the former deprives the brain of reason temporarily while the latter is perpetual.

.....
We consider Mr. Hughes one of our ablest reformers and want to know why he opens such a question and leaves it without a remedy, thus afflicting us with "nightmare" thinking how foolishly we have been trying to bring about a reform for 2,000 years without "first reforming men?" Mr. Hughes virtually admits failure thus far which we also admit but his new remedy we want to learn.

.....
Up to 1858 parents took care of their children taught them noble precepts at home, while now they have become the wards of public schools learning folly fashion and fiction, drifting fast as Ingolf says of Spain and Italy to a tambourine monkey, fandangos and a bull fight.

.....
With all these long standing inherited customs the frivolity of woman, the increasing crimes of men, the giddiness of the youths, what will his answer be?

GEO. LEESON.

.....
The principal feature in the foregoing communication, admittedly one of the strongest that has reached our office since we assumed charge of this paper, is to be found in the fact that it accepts our statement as being true, confesses surprise that we have given utterance thereto, but naively asks us to suggest a remedy for the evils of which we complain. Now is the question without force and motion? Could a satisfactory answer be found the world's troubles would be at an end and the millennium would be upon us in all its force, power and glory. For centuries men have delved into science and philosophy, digging to hitherto unknown depths to unearth the precious gem, but it has eluded their grasp, or they have failed to reach it. To properly answer the question we would be compelled to overhaul our entire political and religious systems and from out the debris evolve new systems that would be acceptable to all men and encourage them to labor for their realization. From the days of Martin Luther down to the present various reformers have offered theories, some good, some bad, some indifferent, but the natural perversion of the human mind has held men aloof until their ideas were little more than useless.

.....
Once let us understand that the existence of the race is but an unimportant incident in the history of the universe, that we are but mere infusoria born of heat and moisture, perishing when the moisture is eliminated and the heat becomes greater or less. Let us admit that if man had never appeared the millennium would have reared their rugged crests to meet the glory of the unrisen sun, the purple mists would still hover in the valleys, the rivers rolled onward to the sea and the tides ebbed and flowed, that not a star would have fallen from the overhanging firmament nor a planet hesitate in its course, that there would not have been a drop of water or a grain of sand more or less, had man never been. Realizing and admitting this we strike a base or a starting point and we are then forced to the conclusion that all political and religious forms, are more or less a curse as they are permitted to dominate our social life are man made, that is, self-inflicted. Then the remedy lies in self and it is self that must assume the work of redemption, or salvation, through honest effort at improvement. If man created the political system that gives unnecessary wealth to the sleeper and not enough to the worker to sustain his strength, then man can uncreate it. The power to undo lies in the same medium that had the power to do. If man created that religious system which dogmatizes about the deity, so-called, constantly pointing the way to some impossible celestial city where the "pore mizable wurm" shall become an imperishable butterfly fitting from flower to flower, doing absolutely nothing of importance through all eternity, a system that imagines deity made heaven for a few idiot harpers and hell for a host of hoodlums, then man can uncreate it and the sooner the better.

.....
To accomplish this, however, what is needed? Evidently a change in the character and nature of men. Then let us set out our program in action. WE MUST HAVE A REFORM OF MEN. Here is the keynote, the secret of it all. He who conquers himself has conquered the universe of which he is the center. He who improves himself has improved so much of that universe. Before he can ever expect to reform others he must first reform himself. He must crave useful knowledge, seek it and find it, and finding it, assimilate and apply it. He must learn that reform in religion cannot come through inactivity and prayer, but by activity and labor. He must learn that political freedom cannot be won by continually marching under the "party banner" and voting the same old way generation after generation, but that citizenship is above party, common honesty above political professions, humanity above good.

.....
Our correspondent struck the correct vein when he said, "a stream cannot be purer than the foundations from which it flows" and so believing we must work to purify the foundation and the stream will grow purer and clearer. If individual man is the real foundation of the present political, industrial and religious systems then any change, mean-

ing or bringing improvement, must come from him. Governments are what the people under it make it. When governments run counter to the will of the people revolutions follow. The same ends can be reached by peaceful evolution and the result is more stable, more permanent. As the work of the worlds' salvation rests upon those who have wrought existing conditions making that salvation necessary, we repeat:

.....
Men may preach reform and teach reform until nightmares plow corn and United States Senators earn their salaries, but we must have a reform of men before we can have any other reform.

.....
The Rome Book for Christmas and New Year presents.

.....
Dog Fennel in the Orient would make a suitable gift.

.....
Your friends would appreciate a year's subscription to the Blade.

DENSE, DARK AND IGNORANT.

.....
The mendacity and nuleish obstinacy of the average representative of Christ, when debating with a sceptic, although a matter of common knowledge, was never more clearly demonstrated than in the published report of the Snow-Wilkinson debate as the same reaches us through the columns of the Arkansas Traveler. The Blade has long doubted the wisdom of disputing with little men anent points of doctrine or to wrangle with dogmatists concerning their conception of the deity and the universe, but to debate with a religious nonentity like Wilkinson is more foolish than trying to light the fire with kerosene and then—going to join the angels.

.....
Wilkinson quarrels with science because it is not perfect and damns all music because of an occasional discord. He rejects natural history because amidst a world of truth there are some silly fables invented by religious Willies who know no better and left the race to evolve better and nobler theories. Probably he would banish the sun because of its spots and declare love a vice because hemmed in by passion. It is evident that he knows nothing of the cosmic universe, gazes upon the world through tinted glasses over the lens of which the spider of orthodox faith wove its web to darken the brightness of intellectual light. It were enough that Snow slammed his quivering diaphragm against the face of nature, let him a mere mental microbe, a doodle-bug in the realm of theology. Of course Wilkinson has not been convinced, neither has Snow been converted to his beliefs, but the self-styled representative of J. C. will be ready for another tourney as soon as there is enough long green in sight.

.....
Regarding Wilkinson's mentality but little need be said. He furnishes all the evidence that is necessary and it is so conclusive that comment upon it is unnecessary. Read:

.....
Geology teaches that life first appeared in its highest forms and degenerated until it became extinct. Our forefathers were not first savages. All history is to the contrary. There are just as savage races now as there were then. In giving utterance to such a statement Wilkinson may not be deemed a liar, but he is powerful reckless with the truth. The fossil fauna so far known to geology reveals the fact that the Eozoan was among the earliest forms of animal life and is found only in the tertiary strata. Man does not appear in any form until the Diluvian deposits although it is inferred that he might have been extant in the earlier periods of the Paleozoic ages. In any event geology has demonstrated that there was a period when even vegetable life did not exist upon this planet and the vegetable preceded the animal kingdom. Nature did not bring forth animal life until conditions were such that animal life could subsist. These were crude beginnings and from them have evolved the full and perfect man as we see him today. Geology teaches, indisputably and undeniably, that the development of the animal species, including man, has been one long and continual chain of constant progression. There have been a few ups and downs but the general tendency has been upward. Wilkinson degrades the race by having it degenerate and misrepresents geology in his effort to sustain a tottering religious creed. Geology and chemistry combined have successfully demonstrated the origin of life and zoology, aided by natural history has pointed out the successive stages of that order of development.

.....
When we approach the method of reasoning indulged in by Wilkinson we are prone to use a quotation from the immortal Bard of Avon, and say, "the fool hath committed to his memory any of good words" but his use of them betrays a pitiful misunderstanding thereof. Let us read again. He says:

.....
"Faith requires testimony. It is a conviction forced upon us by careful and diligent investigation of incontrovertible testimony. Opinion formulates into dogma and refuses to investigate or accept what conflicts with it."

.....
On the contrary faith becomes necessary where there is a lack of convincing testimony or in its absence altogether. Of course a great deal depends upon the subject with which that faith is connected. We have a boy, a fine, healthy fellow. We have faith that he will reach maturity. This faith is built upon the fact that other boys who were fine, healthy fellows, have reached maturity and under favorable conditions our boy ought to do the same. I am told there is a god. I have never seen one nor have I met any person who has. I have met and conversed with people who claim to know something about him but putting them altogether I find that belief in such a being is an impossibility. Then I am told that I must believe in him by faith. But what fact have I to build my faith upon? Absolutely none. In the end I am compelled to guess and every physical fact in the universe being against such a belief I am compelled to guess that

about the college, and send 25 cents
RUTH ABOUT GOLD" Do it now.

THE REIGN OF KING HUMBUG

(Continued from page One)

hung these gaudy daws. The gulls wouldn't think of paying an American artist twenty-five dollars for a really good picture.

Occult Humbuggery.

In no other way is the love of humbuggery more manifest than in the general belief that particular persons are gifted with a knowledge of the future and are able to peer into it.

Look at all the millions of people running to preachers and priests and mediums, and fortune tellers, in order to obtain information of the future.

All classes alike are humbugged by this trinity of tricksters—the only difference between whom is, that the preacher is a little more fashionable than the other two.

At least \$100,000,000 are spent yearly for advertisement in our Sunday papers by preachers, psychiatrists, seers, mediums, Christian scientists, fortune tellers and healers of many descriptions. They don't advertise for nothing. They expect to get all back, and as much more. From whom do they get it? Why from the gullible—from the women principally—mistress as well as servant.

The pity of it is that the poor working girl should be made one of the principle victims of this sacred charity. These poor creatures, after doing the bulk of the world's housework, and a large part of its factory work must be swindled out of their meager earnings to support preachers and priests in big churches and grand cathedrals.

The preacher and priest get their first, and over the medium they become easy victims for the medium and the faith healer. It ought to be plain to any one that the soil is prepared first by the church, the Sunday School and the parochial school, for all the growth of superstition and humbuggery, that blossoms out in Christian Science, Faith Healing, Spirit Mediumship, Palmistry, Fortune Telling, and what not.

When the preacher and priest fall turn to the psychiatrist and the faith healer. It ought to be plain to any one that the soil is prepared first by the church, the Sunday School and the parochial school, for all the growth of superstition and humbuggery, that blossoms out in Christian Science, Faith Healing, Spirit Mediumship, Palmistry, Fortune Telling, and what not.

Thousands of people of all classes believe that Anna Eva Fay possesses some mysterious occult power. They cannot see that, as fast as her old tricks, which, at one time, were regarded as being occult, are discovered and exposed, they are re-invented, for her.

any kind—spiritual, occult or sleight-of-hand, but is simply a played.

It is the love of mystery which attracts, and which love is perpetuated by the preacher and priest, by instilling it in the mind of the child by teaching it in the Sunday School, the Bible—that a snake talked to Eve—that Baalam's ass cussed in Hebrew; that Jonah held a three day's prayer meeting in a whale's belly; that the witch of Endor casked up the spoon of Samuel, and a multitudinous mess of such mellow moonshine.

The child is next inoculated with the New Testament virus. It is fitted with all the legends of the mysterious Jesus, who, in a mysterious way, lived in a mysterious way (as all men do, who don't work), performed a lot of mysterious tricks, none of which were as slick as those of Eva Ann (except possibly, his trick of driving the devil out of a sick man into the bosom of Galilee) and who died in a mysterious way. When people can be made to believe such things they can be made to believe anything.

Is it any wonder that there are so many gullible fools in the world where the mind of youth in its impressionable period, is confounded with mystery, and educated and graduated in the school of gullibility.

Let me tell you right here, the very beginning of all reform, is that of throwing a safe guard around the mind of the child; protecting it from the mysticism of the preacher and priest, and training it to reason for itself, so that it may grow up free to perform its natural functions.

No child can be started right on faith, prayer, credulity and mysticism. If he turns out alright, it is due to none of these, but to the good in human nature, and to environment and secular influence.

Spiritualism, Christian Science and Theosophy are all off-shoots of the Christian mysticism—all nubbins from the same stock.

Spiritualism has its "Big Injuns" who come and talk "heep much" sense. Christian Science will explain itself in the absurdity of its name. Christianity is a superstition, a mysticism. Science deals only in facts that are demonstrable in nature. Therefore Christianity can not bear a relation to science, then honesty to a horse thief. There is about as much sense in the term Christian Science as in a torrid winter, a riotous

peace, a cheerful agony, a tempestuous calm, a soothing sorrow, a holy hell, or a sadistic sense. But Theosophy is the king bee of them all. It is chiefly distinguished from the others, by its being just a little bit more aristocratic. The reason that it is more aristocratic, is because it is more mystic, more incomprehensible. Theosophy is what I call an erratic, aesthetic Asiatote allment.

All three are alike in this respect—they start off weaving the beautiful and the good, with the moral and the true; then presently they rise above the earth and soar heavenward, and metamorphose in metaphysical moonshine. Then all at once, they get lost—they don't know where they are at. They skidoo.

Theosophy always reminds me of the sky rocket. It springs heavenward in a golden column of words, pierces the mystic ether, and meteoric flames spread out into beautiful scintillating stars, light up the whole heavens, then all at once it takes a sudden drop, flickers into nothingness, and all is as dark as before.

Understand me, I do not mean that there is no good, truth or wisdom in either of these mysticisms. I recognize them as simply an expression of the dissatisfaction with the Christian mysticism, and as a proper stumble something grander and higher.

The spiritual philosophy is beautiful and I wish it were true. Christian Science is an improvement on Christianity. While its principles, which are as old as the world, tend in some cases, to ally physical diseases, at the same time, they have a dangerous tendency to create mental and intellectual diseases. It is not good to think too much of the world, and there are a thousand other things more important. Christian Science unfortunately for itself has run into Christianity, and therefore into dogmatism. Theosophy has been wise enough to avoid this.

But all these people are freethinking and superior people, and I like them. The great trouble with them is that they start out with such beautiful arguments and get lost so quick. Before they get to a proper stumble right into a pitch darkness, illuminating only with Jack-o'-lanterns.

My friends, the safest thing for you to do, if you wouldn't be humbugged by belief, is to stick close to Mother Nature. She will follow every tangled mysticism off. "Show me," should always be your motto.

Medical Humbuggery.

There is no one, you doubt have been

deceived by the practice of medicine. It would prove an exception in human nature; but I maintain that there is far less of it, among ethical physicians, than in any other profession. The "new" tangled mysticism off. "Show me," should always be your motto.

Physicians are selfish and mercenary like every one else; and economic circumstances drive many of them to the practice of medicine. They are compelled to make a pure commercialism of their profession in order to live. They are compelled by law to go to school four years, then they starve four years, and then they have to call their own, and all this time they have to compete with faith healers, who graduate in eight days, and who don't know a cough from a borborygmosus.

Physicians also compete with druggists, young clerks just hatched, nice old ladies and gentlemen everywhere, who have forgotten more than the doctor ever knew; and they have to go up against the charms, and the holy, and the prayers and blessings of the clergy. At Xavier, on a certain Sunday of every March, the throats of all the children are blessed, which knocks out all the doctors' profits on the diphtheria trade. So you see what they have to compete with, and is it any wonder sometimes that they fight the devil with his own fire?

A great many of you may not know that medical science is almost altogether an achievement of the last hundred years. Previous to that it was blended with Christian humbuggery—the church permitting no one to build on the broad and solid foundations laid down by the pagans.

Just as the church dictated what should be law, art, science, drama and music, just so it laid its prescription on medicine. The church was in the prayer, charm, faith healing and miracle business; and it wouldn't stand for any teacher or scientific opposition. It couldn't afford it. Consequently the humbuggery in medicine, is chiefly the transmitted humbuggery of the church.

Only as medical science became free from ecclesiastical and mystic hindrances, did it begin forward and accomplish a work which has won the respect and gratitude of every lover of progress, truth and health.

Today physicians are more open to knowledge and less susceptible to mysticism than any other professional class. I don't deny that the practice of medicine is faulty. It has spent

too much time on minerals, and too little in studying human nature, suggestion, and the social and mental causes of health and disease.

Of course it has made and makes many mistakes. The larger part of it is pure experimentation, but this is the only method of obtaining knowledge. The man who never makes mistakes seldom makes anything else.

The difference between doctors and preachers and faith healers is—that the doctors have their faces turned toward science, while the spoon-chasers have theirs turned toward superstition.

At this very moment, when thousands of clergymen all over the world have their faces turned upward, looking into vacancy, thousands of physicians are toiling in their laboratories, looking downward into their microscopes, endeavoring to gain some knowledge that will add to the health, happiness and well being of humanity.

They are not hunting for spirits, or astral bodies, but for microbes and facts. And many of these investigators are penniless and starving and working without hope of reward here or hereafter.

The doctor comes nearest being the ideal socialist than any other man—more so than the professing socialist himself. He is the only man in the community who is at the service of his fellow man, night and day, and without charge, if the case be one of worthy charity, and no one is more often unrewarded and imposed upon than he.

For fifteen hundred years, doctors, like actors, poets and astronomers were regarded as moral outcasts. They were denounced as heretics from all the pulpits of Europe.

"Better die with Christ than be healed by an infidel," they said. "Disease is a matter of belief," said St. Thomas Aquinas, just as Mrs. Eddy is edifying the world today.

Physicians were called sorcerers, magicians and atheists, and they endured the persecutions of the heretics. Why, it has only been about one hundred and fifty years since they were permitted to dissect the human body. The reason for this was, that the exercise of curing by faith, miracle and prayer was the source of the greatest income of the church, and therefore it blocked all approach to the truth, because the truth would put an end to its graft.

Finally, Vesalius, a courageous Italian physician and founder of the School of Anatomy, succeeded in exploring the human body from head to toe. He proclaimed that there was no such thing as a "resurrection bone," and that the equal number of the

clergy, who drop these prophecies and cardinal doctrines of the church. And ever since that day, inch by inch, the clergy has had to yield its humbuggery to the truth of the discoveries of medicine.

Today the insane are not treated as being possessed of devils, and cruelly tortured, but with love and kindness. The Jesuits of Vienna, in 1583, boasted that they had cast out 12,652 devils. This was in one city, remember. Think of the number of devils, cast out, by torture, all over Europe.

Pestilences are no longer treated by prayer but with disinfection and isolation, which have practically abolished the yellow fever, small pox and cholera. Carbolic acid and corrosive sublimate have taken the place of faith and supplication.

The typhoid mortality has been reduced from 75 to 15 to the hundred, a gain of 80, and what conqueror in the all the world's broad field of faith, ever won such a victory?

The dread diphtheria is almost a thing of the past, thanks to horse serum instead of holy relics and charms. By the use of the clinical thermometer, test tube, microscope and microscope, with new discoveries in the field of pathology and bacteriology, many diseases are almost mastered.

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The discovery of chloroform ushered in the happy time when under the knife, there shall be no more pain. "If the United States had done nothing else but discover chloroform," said a great British scientist, "it would deserve the lasting gratitude of justice, truth, honor and good citizenship."

Forty years ago, the ground on which the First Presbyterian church stands down on Fourth street, was worth about \$2,000. A fifty thousand building was erected on the site, and the church has since its value. Surrounding improvements have made this ground worth today a half million. Not one cent of taxes have ever been paid on it. Over three billion dollars worth of state property in this country is untaxed, and yet somehow, the church manages to keep the majority of people humbugged into the belief, that it is the son of justice and sincerity, and the only good to the consciences of men.

Why, the first step toward honesty is to pay your own way to be square with your fellow man.

worth. They believe that they have just as much right to advertise as seers, evangelists, or anybody else, and if they are honest, I have no quarrel with them.

I admit that medical science progresses only by experimentation; that the full of humbuggery who tinkered with the dollar that of the cure; and some of whom prolong the disease for the sake of the fee. I recognize that many of such faults are caused by economic pressure; still no class does as much free work as the medical fraternity; none have done so much for human prolongation of life; none have done so much to dispel mysticisms and advance mankind; none have done so much to promote science and the progress of the world.

Next we come to the greatest humbug of all.

The Humbug of the Church.

Although I have already pretty well put this strange, as that two-thirds of all human energy, physical and intellectual, has been expended in perpetuating the Christian superstition!

One of the principle reasons that so many people adhere to the Christian religion is because they are ignorant of its inception into the government of the world. They know nothing of the Council of Nice, and the manner in which the Bible was compiled, and of how the papacy was established, and they are ignorant of how Constantine and his successors forced the Christian faith and the Bible on the world at the point of the sword, butchering millions. They do not understand how the gulls, and they bewilder it to the kings, autocrats, tyrants and land monopolists of the earth, and how it has been silent partner in all their crimes.

The reason mankind has been blind to this, is due to the wonder, faith, fear and obedience practiced on the mind of the child. These have been so thoroughly instilled into the human mind that they are hereditary traits, and they are not the result of the complexity, or any racial type. There is no other humbuggery in the world so strongly arrayed against right reasoning.

Why, just think of it! Christians make a great deal of man's weakness and sin, and they say that their father was a ghost; and here is one of the strangest phases of human credulity and intellectual inconsistency in this world. There is not one man among the millions who believe that this event took place in Joseph's family, who could be made to believe for one moment that it happened in his own.

They believe all the miracles that Jesus is said to have performed. They believe that he raised the dead even after postmortem had set in. They believe he fed a multitude on two loaves and three fishes; that he cured insanity by driving out devils; that he took some dust from the road, mixed it with spit, and blew it into the eyes of a blind man, and cured him of blindness, and all this holy humbuggery is the foundation of the spiritual Christianity and faith in the Bible.

They believe that the cause of the world's evil is the devil, but it is largely the cause of the hypocrisy and servility, and prostitution of the intelligence of today.

Manifestations of this holy humbuggery are all around us. We observe governors of states appointing days of prayer, to persuade God to end a drought; and also a day of thanks to the author and creator of all, omitting of course, the storms, earthquakes, fires, famines, pestilences, sorrows, griefs, headaches and losses, which in his kind Providence, he so graciously sends us.

We observe the church encroaching upon the state in every way it can, and in defiance of the constitution. It has its salaried chaplains in legislative bodies, and in the army and navy. It evades taxation, and is the greatest class privileged institution in the country; yet it poses as the exponent of justice, truth, honor and good citizenship.

Forty years ago, the ground on which the First Presbyterian church stands down on Fourth street, was worth about \$2,000. A fifty thousand building was erected on the site, and the church has since its value. Surrounding improvements have made this ground worth today a half million. Not one cent of taxes have ever been paid on it. Over three billion dollars worth of state property in this country is untaxed, and yet somehow, the church manages to keep the majority of people humbugged into the belief, that it is the son of justice and sincerity, and the only good to the consciences of men.

Why, the first step toward honesty is to pay your own way to be square with your fellow man.

One of the greatest humbugs in the church is its missionary propaganda, in which the Protestants and Catholics talk bad about each other to the death; each telling that the other is false; which is as near the truth, perhaps as they ever get. There are twice as many heathens now as there was 100 years ago. At the present rate of heathen increase, and Christian conversion, when will every tongue confess, and every knee bow? The chief humbuggery, however, consists in trying to fit the heathen for a social equal in Paradise, and refusing to mix with him here.

Missionaries, just now, are causing nearly all the devilment and revolutionary outbreaks among heathen nations. The only good thing about missionary work so far as I can see, is that it is the means of getting a lot of cranks and fanatics out of this country.

I haven't time to go into the humbuggery of salvation, damnation, the atonement, as a lot more of the dogmas, dreams, fictions and fallacies, by which the church has succeeded in bamboozling the whole world, I will only name further the humbuggery of revivals.

You all have all heard of "waves of religion" sweeping over the country. That is one of its peculiarities. It goes in waves. You never heard of a wave of intelligence or common sense sweeping the country, did you?

The country could not be happy with out these humbugs of religion. A mediocre preacher fails to make any hit with the pulpit, by doing badly what others do well.

He turns to sensationalism for relief. He preaches blood and fire and huris damnation around him in solid chunks like brick bats. He shrieks silly lies, perverts facts to suit his own ends; prances, froths, blows stamps and whacks his pulpit till the top splits. Nothing is too extravagant or dishonest for utterance. It is all rant, rant, nonsense, but it stuns the gulls, and they bewilder it to the kings, autocrats, tyrants and land monopolists of the earth, and how it has been silent partner in all their crimes.

The country is speckled all over with these: baboons of bigotry who turn their tabernacles into monkey chains. Call them Talmage, Sam Jones, Commander Booth, Downe, Voltaire—whatever else you will, remember always that their name is Humbug.

The Political Humbug.

Lincoln declared that, "Politics, as a trade, is a damned thing, and a dishonest one." Some one else has said, "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."

Since parties seem to be a necessity, as long as we have them, we will have politics; therefore every man ought to be a politician, if he wouldn't be humbugged. It must be plain to all that there is as much human deceit, bigotry and credulity in politics as in religion, which may occur the next year, or in 10,000 years. The same time between drinks would create a beautiful thirst. Even Stanley Bowditch, the distinguished young gentleman who spoke at your last meeting, has written a pamphlet, which he proves to his own satisfaction that the only solution to all these human difficulties is the "second coming of the Lord."

Lord! Oh Lord!

Yes, statesman says: "Respect the law and maintain order." The socialist, single taxer, prohibitionist and other small party folks, have their well known views.

My opinion is that there is no remedy for the ills of the world, but in human nature; and nature is not in the habit of changing her principles to accommodate any creed, society or person.

The best that can be done is only to modify the conditions. We can only advance along any line, little by little. Each step forward, makes the next more easy. Evolve and revolute is nature's way and there is no other. The world advances only by intellectual fatigue and physical fighting.

Educationally, I would propose introducing in the school curriculum the study of economies and politics. If he boy is not trained in politics he is not qualified to enter politics. A reason for it should account for every man's vote. Nearly every boy joins the church's father belongs to, and votes as his father votes, and most men go on all through a long life with no better reason for casting their ballots. This is why the gulls are so thick.

Introduce the study of political methods in the schools, and qualify youth for the ballot. Every voter in my opinion, should be a politician; then, perhaps, no man would be a politician, who would find more profit in honesty. Each being open to the other's tricks, they couldn't fool each other. I propose also the initiative and referendum, which is universally adopted by the reformers of the world. But above all, I propose that the state shall take charge of the minds of the child—that it shall be taken out of the hands of the preacher and priest; that its education shall be based on nature and science; that it shall be trained in right reasoning, right from the start, and that the indelible seal of wonder, fear, falsehood, myth, miracle and moonshine shall not be "amped upon the infant brain."

I would also propose a reformation of the clergy, and the humbling of Christianity. The clergy as a rule are good, able and conscientious men, and they are worth saving. All that is the matter with them is, the teaching of politics, and they can't help it.

If every church was like this church, open and free to all discussion; and if every preacher was as the preacher of this church, hospitable to all thought, the greatest good would be taken. Not because the people of this church are better morally than the people of other churches; not because its pastor is better than other clergymen; but because the church is free; and its pastor is free; and its Freedom is Everything.

Send your friends a Christmas of New Years' present in the A Trip to Rome.

Labor parties are among the worst of the humbugged. They howl about not having any representation in Congress, then when the opportunity comes to them to vote for a labor candidate, they won't do it. There's plenty of humbug of the same kind in all the reform parties. Two out of three reform parties are reforming. There's plenty of humbug too in all shades of Liberalism. Liberals are not always liberal. The humbuggery in municipal government has been so thorough, by discussion of breeding, climate and environment. What I have aimed to show is, that credulity and humbuggery have such a dominating influence, even in the great affairs of life, that they obstruct right reasoning, and make the march of progress painful and slow.

Let it be understood that in presenting this subject, my object has not been to arouse passion, or to create a show, by strong contrast and in plain speech, a phase of human nature which is universal, and which is not taken into account as much as it should be. I see the good in the law, press, art, drama, medicine, religion and in all things.

Men's beliefs and creeds seldom make them good. Men are good because of the good in human nature, and because of breeding, climate and environment. What I have aimed to show is, that credulity and humbuggery have such a dominating influence, even in the great affairs of life, that they obstruct right reasoning, and make the march of progress painful and slow.

The question we are all up against now is, "What is the remedy?" The clergy say: "Just be guided by us, and wait for the second coming of the Lord, which may occur the next year, or in 10,000 years. The same time between drinks would create a beautiful thirst. Even Stanley Bowditch, the distinguished young gentleman who spoke at your last meeting, has written a pamphlet, which he proves to his own satisfaction that the only solution to all these human difficulties is the "second coming of the Lord."

Lord! Oh Lord!

Yes, statesman says: "Respect the law and maintain order." The socialist, single taxer, prohibitionist and other small party folks, have their well known views.

My opinion is that there is no remedy for the ills of the world, but in human nature; and nature is not in the habit of changing her principles to accommodate any creed, society or person.

The best that can be done is only to modify the conditions. We can only advance along any line, little by little. Each step forward, makes the next more easy. Evolve and revolute is nature's way and there is no other. The world advances only by intellectual fatigue and physical fighting.

Educationally, I would propose introducing in the school curriculum the study of economies and politics. If he boy is not trained in politics he is not qualified to enter politics. A reason for it should account for every man's vote. Nearly every boy joins the church's father belongs to, and votes as his father votes, and most men go on all through a long life with no better reason for casting their ballots. This is why the gulls are so thick.

Introduce the study of political methods in the schools, and qualify youth for the ballot. Every voter in my opinion, should be a politician; then, perhaps, no man would be a politician, who would find more profit in honesty. Each being open to the other's tricks, they couldn't fool each other. I propose also the initiative and referendum, which is universally adopted by the reformers of the world. But above all, I propose that the state shall take charge of the minds of the child—that it shall be taken out of the hands of the preacher and priest; that its education shall be based on nature and science; that it shall be trained in right reasoning, right from the start, and that the indelible seal of wonder, fear, falsehood, myth, miracle and moonshine shall not be "amped upon the infant brain."

I would also propose a reformation of the clergy, and the humbling of Christianity. The clergy as a rule are good, able and conscientious men, and they are worth saving. All that is the matter with them is, the teaching of politics, and they can't help it.

If every church was like this church, open and free to all discussion; and if every preacher was as the preacher of this church, hospitable to all thought, the greatest good would be taken. Not because the people of this church are better morally than the people of other churches; not because its pastor is better than other clergymen; but because the church is free; and its pastor is free; and its Freedom is Everything.

Send your friends a Christmas of New Years' present in the A Trip to Rome.